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Rose of the North

By Ella M. Bangs

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Dark, wistful-eyed, slender and clad in the simplest cotton garments, Felipe Rubio stood outside the entrance to La Academia de San Carlos, as he had stood many times before, hoping that in some way he might be permitted to enter the building. He had no money to pay his way, so it might be that a miracle would take place, for had he not prayed Our Lady of Guadalupe to let him pass within the wonders of which as yet he had only dreamed? Still no miracle came, and it seemed to the boy that he had waited much longer than the twelve years which composed his life.

On this morning, however, something unusual did happen, for as Felipe still hung about the entrance a party of tourists approached, and the boy's quick eye saw that they were not of his country. They were doubtless from that other republic north of Mexico, and of which he had sometimes heard. A little girl, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, danced beside her father and spoke in a language he did not understand. With an adroit movement he followed the party, for he was not without the hope that he might slip in among them unnoticed by the attendant.

This, however, was not his first attempt of this kind, and he was promptly recognized and thrust out. So pleading a look was in his face that the visitors remarked it, and a man put an inquiry to their conductor.

"Oh, the little vagabond is trying to get into the academy without paying," was the response.

Conversation followed, in which the white-clad little girl had a voice. Her father smiled indulgently.



Lost to All, Save the Wonderful Pictures.

"Well, Isabel, if you wish it," he said, and the next moment, to his unspeakable delight, Felipe was told that he might go in with the others.

He turned to thank the gentleman to whose kindness he was indebted when that person, with a smile, pointed to the child at his side. With a graceful sweep of his little body Felipe exclaimed what was in English: "Thank you, thank you, Rose of the North."

"He thanks you, and calls you Rose of the North," their conductor explained.

Already the boy had turned from them, and was soon lost to all but the wonderful pictures that spread around him. This was what he had so longed for, to see these paintings, for then he believed he could make a picture himself. Here were the works of Titian, of Murillo, Van Dyke and others of whom he had never heard, but the one object which he was most eager to see was the painting of Felipe Parra, Mexico's own artist.

At last he stood before it, forgetting all else as he gazed at the strong figures, the priest clasping his crucifix, the Indian woman at his feet, the touches of red in her robes and the stain, the life blood of the man fallen beside her, being the only colors to stand out amid the softer tints of the painting. Long the boy stood here and again as long before Velasco's beautiful "Valley of Mexico." Was it possible for men to paint like this? Felipe had no thought of time, and it was not until the gallery was about to be closed for the day that he left the building.

"Without doubt, you have enjoyed yourself," an attendant remarked.

"Si, senor," was the response, for he had no words to express what he felt. He seemed to have been in another world. He was tired now, very tired, and hungry, no doubt, but it had been the happiest day of his life. The inspiration of it all stayed with him, and he dreamed of it often sitting apart from his childish companions in their play. He dreamed, too, of wonderful pictures which he had never seen, but which he himself would paint one day.

It was months later when an artist saw some of his crude drawings, and, recognizing talent offered to help him. His work was encouraged, and in one way and another he worked on, surmounting obstacles, till his teachers declared they could teach him nothing more.

He was an artist and it came about that he, Felipe Rubio, was to have a picture exhibited in the Academy of San Carlos. To this, his greatest work as yet, he gave the name "A Dream of Achievement," and in it he had pictured himself, a small, barefooted, bare-headed boy, sitting on the ground with hands clasped about his knee, and wistful face upraised, and dark eyes that seemed gazing at beautiful visions that floated vaguely in the upper distance, while in more pronounced shades stood out the figures of his playmates about him.

He was at work upon another painting. This showed a flaxen-haired little girl standing half smiling as her blue eyes looked into those of the spectator. There was color in her cheeks, and in her white dress she presented a dainty little creature, the original of which was not to be found among natives of the artist's own city. That he realized the truth of this was shown by the name he had given his work. Felipe called this painting, "Rose of the North." It was painted from memory, but memory had served him well.

Fifteen years had passed since the day when this little Rose of the North had been the means of opening up to him a new world, and now Senor Felipe Rubio would see other countries, the work of artists other than those to be seen at San Carlos.

He sailed to the old eastern lands, and at length reached once more the western world, and there came a day when he found himself in New York. In this metropolis of the new world he decided to remain for the present. He sent for his paintings, and in due time they arrived and were placed on exhibition, and soon it became quite the thing for society to visit the studio of the young Mexican artist.

Among the visitors one day there came a middle-aged man and his daughter, a young lady whose golden hair seemed to have captured all the sunshine of her sunny life. Felipe gave her first a long glance of purely professional admiration, then as her deep blue eyes turned to his, he looked again with a more personal approval and stirring of memory. Of whom did she remind him? There was an elusive familiarity about her smile.

The visitors stood looking at the "Dream of Achievement," when the man said, laughingly: "See, Isabel, here's your little Mexican."

The girl was puzzled as to her father's meaning; not so Felipe, who had overheard the remark.

Isabel was the name of the child to whom he owed so much, his Rose of the North. It was she; he could not doubt it. Why had he not recognized her at once? Felipe had acquired many accomplishments since their first meeting; among them was the knowledge of the English language.

Now, moving over beside the man, he asked: "The gentleman has seen my country, Mexico, has he not?" "Yes, years ago," was the reply, "when my daughter here was a child."

"Like this," said the artist, drawing the man's attention to another painting. It was his "Rose of the North."

"The visitor gazed a moment in growing astonishment. 'Isabel!' he exclaimed; then turning to Felipe: 'What does this mean, sir?'"

"It means that I was the little boy who waited outside the doors of San Carlos until this little girl, your daughter—this Rose of the North—brought about my admission. My life work dates from that day. I am most happy to express my thanks once more."

"Do you hear this, Isabel?" the man asked, turning to his daughter. She heard, indeed, and the beautiful color deepened in her cheeks till it was no wonder that an artist should find it hard to look away.

Soon they seemed to be old acquaintances. A little later Felipe was invited to their home, and it was not long before the young man waited upon Mr. Clayton and with true Mexican formality craved the honor of his daughter's hand.

"I begin to think it was foreordained," the father said after they had talked the matter over; "at any rate, go to my daughter. Isabel usually decides such cases for herself."

Only too gladly Felipe went to her. "Is it to be my Rose of the North at last?"

And Isabel's blue eyes answered even before he heard her low spoken words of assent.

The Bishops' Wigs.

Bishops show no inclination to discard the garters which, according to the Tailor and Cutter, fitted their legs fairly well at the church congress. But they have shed the wig which at one time weighed heavily on the episcopal brow. When wigs ceased to be generally worn several bishops endeavored to obtain the royal permission to dispense with them. George IV. would not allow this, but when the Bishop of London asked his successor if he might appear before him without a wig, William replied that "the bishop is not to wear a wig on my account; I dislike it as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole bench wear their own hair." Bishop Blomfield thereupon discarded his wig, and was imitated by his episcopal brethren.

Comes Out Weekly.

Mrs. Hoyle—Your husband's business keeps him out of town all the week, I understand?

Mrs. Hoyle—Yes, he is at home only one day; I call him my Sunday supplement.

Hopkinsville Market Quotations.

Corrected Jan. 18, 1912.

RETAIL GROCERY PRICES.

Country lard, good color and clean 12½c per pound.
Country bacon, 12½c per pound.
Black-eyed peas, \$4.00 per bushel.
Country shoulders, 10c per pound.
Country hams, 18c per pound.
Irish potatoes, \$1.60 per bushel.
Northern eating Rural potatoes \$1.60 per bushel.
Texas eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel.
Red eating onions, \$1.75 per bushel.
Dried Navy beans, \$3.25 per bushel.
Cabbage, 4 cents a pound.
Dried Lima beans, 10c per pound.
Country dried apples, 12½c per pound.
Daisy cream cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream brick cheese, 25c per pound.
Full cream Limberger cheese, 25c per pound.
Popcorn, dried on ear, 2c per pound.
Fresh Eggs 35c per doz.
Choice lots fresh, well-worked country butter, in pound prints, 30c.

FRUITS.

Lemons, 25c per dozen.
Navel Oranges, 30c, 40c, per doz.
Bananas, 15c and 20c doz.
New York State apples \$5.00 to \$6.00 per barrel.

Cash Price Paid For Produce.

POULTRY.

Dressed hens, 12½c per pound.
Dressed cocks, 7c per pound.
Live hens, 10c per pound; live cocks, 3c per pound; live turkeys, 13c per pound.

ROOTS, HIDES, WOOL AND TALLOW.

Prices paid by wholesale dealers to butchers and farmers:

Roots—Southern ginseng, \$5.75 lb.
"Golden Seal" yellow root, \$1.35 lb.
Mayapple, 3½; pink root, 12c and 13c.
Tallow—No. 1, 4½; No. 2, 4c.
Wool—Burry, 10c to 17c; Clear Grease, 21c, medium, tub washed, 23c to 30c; coarse, dingy, tubwashed, 18c.

Feathers—Prime white goose, 50c; dark and mixed old goose, 15c to 30c; gray mixed, 15c to 30c; white duck, 22c to 35c, new.

Hides and Skins—These quotations are for Kentucky hides. Southern green hides 8c. We quote assorted lots dry flint, 12c to 14c. 9-10 better demand.

Dressed geese, 11c per pound for choice lots, live 5½.

Fresh country eggs, 25 cents per dozen.

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Choice timothy hay, \$18.00.
No. 1 timothy hay, \$17.00.
Choice clover hay, \$16.00.
No. 1 clover hay, \$16.00.
Clean, bright straw hay, \$5.00.
Alfalfa hay, \$18.00.
White seed oats, 55c.
Black seed oats, 55c.
Mixed seed oats, 48c.
No. 2 white corn, 55c.
No. 2 mixed corn, 55c.
Winter wheat bran, \$26.00.
Chops, \$3.50.

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